By J. MARSDEN SUTCLIFFE,

Author of "ROMANCE OF AN INSURANCE OFFICE," "BY MUTUAL CONSENT," "THE BELLS OF ST. BARNABAS," Etc.

Jack Tyrell is an altered man. His hand- | meditating a glorious surprise for him. some face no longer beams with smiles and good humor, but wears & weary, hunted look.

His aspect of universal benevolence is changed to sullen gloom. From being everywhere regarded as "the king of good fellows," he has become something of an misanthrope.

The change which a few short months have served to work in Jack Tyrell's outward mien was first observed at the club, which he suddenly began to frequent more than his wont. He took his meals there, and, it was noticed, he often slept there. This was a remarkable alteration in his usual habits, for until something happened to sour him Jack might have served as the model of a domesticated Englishman. Men whom he met in his daily business on the Stock Exchange surmised that he must have been "hard hit" in South African gold mines. So many conjectures have been made as to the mysterious change that has crept over him that Jack (who has given me his confidence from the beginning of his troubles) has granted me permission to make the facts known; not from vanity, as though his troubles were of importance to the world at large, but purely out of love for his species. Jack thruks, in fact, that others may learn a timely warning from his experience.

Everybody who knew Jack Tyrell thought that he was an uncommonly lucky fellow when he won pretty Mrs. Wendover for his wife. Perhaps I, alone of all his friends, was of another opinion. Certainly, Mrs. Wendover was a very pretty woman, with remarkably high spirits (she called herself "high-strung"), who brought a good deal of money into the marriage eettlements that were drawn up within a month of their first meeting. But I did not like to see the hurried way in which Jack plunged into the treacherous sea of matrimony, and though I was compelled to acknowledge Mrs. Wendover's charms of person, the old proverb about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure rang in my ears with the mournful emphasis of a pass-

The marriage was brought about in this way. Jack, who was a member of the City Volunteers, went with his regiment to Brighton to bear his part, like the true Briton that he is, in the annual review and sham fight. He was strolling down the King's Road, after the Easter Monday review, when his attention was attracted by a pretty woman driving in a low phaeton drawn by a couple of spirited bay ponies.

The sight of a pretty woman was always an attraction to Jack, but on this occasion there was something superadded to kindle his interest to fever pitch. The pretty woman, who was wearing the daintiest of widow's bonnets, was in danger. The ponies had taken fright and were evidently unmanageable, when Jack rushed to the rescue, and with a skill that Mr. Rarey might have envied. brought them to a standstill and soon rendered them as quiet standstill and soon rendered them as quiet as lambs. Jack, after rendering the lady this trifling service, would have bowed and passed on, but by this time a crowd had collected, and as the lady was evidently unnerved, and looked at him with an appealing glance from her beautiful eyes, which were liquid with unshed tears, he hesitated a moment, and then took his seat and the reins, and asked whither he should drive. The fair enslaver managed should drive. The fair enslaver managed barely to articulate her address before fainting away. Jack drove at a furious rate to Herculee Mansions, a furious rate to Herculee Mansions, a fashionable boarding-house, near the Old Steyne, where, handing the ribbons to a street idler who came up at the instant, he bore the limp and drooping form of the lady in his arms to her apartments, where assistance was immediately forthcoming. Jack, having discharged his duty (which, as he parenthetically observed to me when recounting the incident, "England expects every man to do"), was on the point of reevery man to do"), was on the point of re-tiring when Mrs. Wendover opened her eyes, and shot another glance at her de-liverer, as she called him, which set his heart thumping under his waist-coat so furiously that he thought the sound must be heard by every one in the apartment like the strokes of a muffled drum. It was a case of love at first sight on both sides. So Jack said, and so no doubt he honestly believed, though I have my suspicious about Mrs. Wendover. The acquaintance thus begun ripened like fruit in a tropical clime. References were exchanged to the satisfaction of both parties, and though Mrs. Wendover had only been six months a widow, they were married, a month and a day after they first met. That was another feature in the business that I did not like. Something about "the funeral-baked meats coldly furnishing forth the marriage tables" occurred to my mind, and troubled

Jack's troubles began when he was married. It was then that the change began to creep over the honest face of my friend. Not immediately, of course. There was an interval of blessed sunshine. I have Jack's authority for saying so. Otherwise I should not have believed it, though to do Mrs. Tyrell justice, I thought, as I wrung Jack's hands at Waterloo station as they set out for the Isle of Wight, where they had arranged to spend the honeymoon, she looked as though she had been made expressly for Jack. I remember the idea crossed my mind at the time that her union with the late lamented Wendover must have been one of those curious mistakes that often occur and which rarely in real life get set right afterwards, though I have observed that in novels, where the writer is able to arrange everybody's lot to his own liking, a different result usually prevails. But my estimate of Jack's felicity w made in a moment of weakness. As even .. turned out, the unfavorable opinion I had formed when first told of the match was correct. Jack never made a greater mistake in his life than when he gave the relict of the lately deceased Wendover the right to bear his name. His eyes were soon opened, and the op-

eration was brought about in a curious manner, entirely unknown to the respectable branch of the medical profession which has made a special study of the human eye. I do not think I have mentioned that Mrs. Tyrell was accompanied on her journey by an extravagant amount of luggage. Her impedimenta were numerous. various and costly. But there was one article of luggage that attracted Jack's attention at a very early stage of the blissful journey. The train had just cleared Clapham Junction, and the driver had just begun to turn on steam, when Jack's eyes were riveted by a queer-look-ing package. It looked like an oblong box, though, as it was encased with the thick covering made of a material which, I believe, ladies call "crash," he was unable to divine whether the package was made of leather or wood. He noticed that it had a

handle for convenience of carrying. Jack could not help observing Mrs. Tyrell's eyes, which were constantly directed towards this mysterious package with regretful glances, as though she wished she had left this particular article behind her. Naturally, his curiosity became excited, but she opposed to his inquiries an attitude of mysterious reserve. She whispered something about its being "awfully precious," and begged Jack not to ask questions "at present" in a tone so coaxing that he desisted, thinking that the strange-looking box might contain some little wedding | might be found to induce Mrs. Tyreil to present held in reserve and intended to listen to reason. His hope was strengthnome upon him as a little surprise. Then, again, he thought that the package looked like a good-sized microscope cabinet, and began to wonder whether his wife was of a scientific turn, and had brought her microscope with her, intending that they should while the honeymoon away in studying | self alone was in the habit of attempting seaweeds and curious marine infusoria with the aid of powerful lenses. His face fell a little as this suggestion occurred to him, but he recovered his cheerful-

The supposition was more correct than be imagined, though his guess fell far short of

The strange-looking package was not destined to remain a mystery for long. It was past midnight—in fact the first streaks of dawn were beginning to be visible—when Jack awoke with an uneasy moment and discovered his wife missing from his side. He started up in a great fright and looked around, when he dimly descried a white draped figure crouching on the floor. His first thoughts were that his wife had fainted the knew that she did faint somefainted (he knew that she did faint sometimes) or that she was ill or something. He was about to spring from his couch to see what was the matter when the figure slowly raised its head, and Jack, who could now see more clearly, perceived two beau-tiful arms lovingly embracing the myster-ious package that had attracted his attention on the journey down. Some instinct prompted him to check his natural impetuosity and wait the issue of events. As the figure slowly raised itself he was startled to see his wife bow her head towards the package, as if engaging in an act of eilent adoration. Then he heard the sound of three hearty smacks that sounded like kisses, followed by a low moaning voice crying: "Forgive me, darling. I know it is soon—far too soon—but I was so very lonely." This oracular deliverance was followed by reiterated smacks on the strange box. Jack began to think there was witchery about, and to wonder whether there was some living thing hidden within the mysterious recentagle and a strange serie feeling beceptacle, and a strange eerie feeling be-gan to creep over him. As he afterwards confessed to me all his flesh suddenly rose like goose flesh under an undefined sense of terror that seized him. The stillness that reigned in the room, broken only by the low sobs, became burdensome to him. He felt that he must speak, though by this time his throat was dry and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; but he thought better of it, and drawing the bed-clothes around him feigned sleep. After a lapse of time that seemed to his excited perves like an eternity the sobbing ceased. Three more hearty smacks were rained down on the mysterious package, and then Mrs. Tyrell crept back to bed.

Jack lay perfectly quiet, turning over in his mind the strange experience, and re-solving that he would defer explanations until morning, when he vowed that as sure as his name was Jack Tyrell he would have the matter out. But his curiosity got the better of him, and after biting his lip un-

"Kitty, what is inside that box?" The thought that she was discovered seems immediately to have occurred to Mrs. Tyrell, for she at once replied in a low suppressed tone: "Hush! don't speak of it. Why did you watch mel It is his sacred

"His sacred dust?" slowly drawled forth
Jack. "What do you mean?"
A long silence followed which might have
continued if Jack had not repeated his question in a more peremptory tone. But he was not to gain his end by mere per-emptoriness. Mrs. Tyrell fell back on her resources as a woman. She was immediately seized with a violent fit of hysterics, followed by a prolonged outburst of weeping, which put Jack to rout. In vain he strove to comfort his distressed partner. She spurned his caresses and rejected his attempts to soothe her. Only now and then came through her half-closed lips such words as "cruel!" "inhuman!" "mon-ster!" which, though not very intelligible, were very hurtful to Jack's feelings, considering that it was not four-and-twenty hours since they had plighted their troth at the marriage altar.

Jack rose with an aching heart, as soon as the sun filled the room with the blazing light of a glorious dawn. Mrs. Tyrell's eyes were too red with weeping to admit of her presenting herself at that early hour, and she avowed her intention of keeping her room. Jack assented to her proposal with a grunt of discontent, and, casting a look of malice and suspicion at the mysterious package which had been the recipient of his wife's embraces, he descended to the hall of the hotel, and, seizing his hat, he thrust it savagely over his eyes and strode forth to the beach, there to

It was clear to him, as he thought over his wife's inexplicable proceedings, that the strange packet did not contain a microscope. Equally plain was it that it did not hold a wedding present, kept back to the last moment as a beautiful surprise, which he in his egotism had been inclined to think. He knew from his wife's own lips that it held dust of some kind. Could it be gold dust? No, Jack mentally decided, it could not be gold dust; it was not heavy enough for that.

"'His sacred dust?" he murmured to himself, repeating his wife's words as he paced the yellow sands. "What on earth could she mean?"

Jack pondered this question a long time before he obtained a clew to the mystery; for about some things he is as simple as a child, though in business he bears the reputation of being an exceedingly smart man. At last a light broke upon his mind, and he turned his footsteps in the direction of the hotel, resolved upon having the matter out. husband entered the room. She was kneeling before a huge trunk, the lid of which she brought down with a bank as she heard the opening of the door. Jack glanced hastly round the room, but the mysterious package had disappeared. Mrs. Tyrell. having locked the trunk, rose to her feet and with panting breath confronted her husband. Her whole attitude betrayed that she felt the interview might prove critical. Jack bent on her a reproachful, beseeching look as he took both her hands in his and asked in a low, pleading tone:

"Kitty, tell me the truth. Am I to understand that the box I saw you caressing in the early hours of this morningcontains all that is left of the late Mr. Wendover?" "His sacred dust!" broke forth from Mrs. Tyrell's lips ere she swooned away. Jack was barely in time to catch her in his arms as she fell. "The truth is out at last," he muttered between his closed teeth as he bent over his wife's unconscious form. "The late Mr. Wendover appears to have been cremated, though I did not know it before, and I have my predecessor in my wife's affections as a traveling companion on my honeymoon.

Jack exerted himself to bring the lady to, vowing within himself that as soon as her liquid eyes looked into his again he would come to an understanding with her as to the disposal of Mr. Wendover's sacred dust. reckless of consequences. But he reckoned without his host. When Mrs. Tyrell revived and he manifested an intention to recur to the painful subject she fell to work with a discharge of hysterical artillery

that drove the enemy from the field. Poor Jack! His plight was a sorry one. His bright, honest-looking face became miserable and overcast as he realized that he must either submit to the presence of what the crematory fires had left of the defunct Mr. Wendover, or face a continual fusillade of hysteries, varied only by a succession of death-like swoons whenever he had the temerity to return to the subject of the disposal of Mr. Wendover's ashes.

There is a considerable amount of persistence in Jack's character, and it must be mentioned to his credit that he was not diverted from his aim by a few tears. But when he found that his wife, who was a blooming Hebe when suffered to work her own sweet will, was turned into a perfect Niobe whenever he attempted to bring the conversation round to a discussion upon the propriety of providing a decent place of sepulture for Mr. Wendover's ashes. he was compelled to own himself vanquished, and like a good general he drew off his forces till he could find an opportunity to repew the attack with better advantage. Jack whose fault is to be too sanguine; cherished the hope that | which he duly returned to its place on the when the honeymoon was over means ened from the circumstance that long as the honeymoon lasted he saw nothing more of the mysterious package, which remained | self. He was so busily employed that he locked up in his wife's trunk, though he was suspicious that Mrs. Tyrell (who was a a woman of resources) when she found herto appease the manes of the departed Wendover by a plentiful libation of surreptitions tears.

The newly-married couple had not been

to a sort of Chapeile ardente, where the strange-looking package was daily adorned with the choicest blooms from the con-servatory, and that Mrs. Tyrell was in the habit of retreating to perform her osculatory exercises. Jack felt that it would be folly to allow a few poor ashes to excite in him the pangs of jealousy, though he groaned in spirit over his wife's infatuation, and, as he confessed to me, felt uncomfortable when he turned down the light at nights and remembered that the mortal remains of the late Mr. Wendover were so close at hand. From the moment that he made the discovery of the use to which Mrs. Tyreli had placed his dressingroom he was devising some new scheme for ending his wife's thraldom and breaking this "last link with the past." He determined to bring about the desired result by

One night he returned from the city. bringing with him a pair of magnificent vases, in shape not unlike the round burial urns of the Romans, such as may be seen in the British Museum, but it must be confessed more fragile, as they were richer and more ornamental in design. Mrs. Ty-rell was enchanted by possessing two such artistic ornaments for her drawing-room mantel-piece, and when Jack began to expound the meaning of the emblematical figures with which the vases were decor-

ated her enthusiasm knew no bounds.

I have been told by an expert that the figures on the vases were intended to represent the loves of Venus and Adonis, but, resent the loves of Venus and Adonis, but, as Jack, with a great air of knowledge, expounded the meaning of the symbolism to his wife, Mrs. Tyrell came to believe that the artist had designed to set forth the passage of a spirit through crematory fires to the abodes of bliss. How much Mrs. Tyrell's belief was due to Jack's magical tongue I am unable to say. I believe a few words from him set matters in train, and Mrs. Tyrell's imagination did the rest. Her face grew pensive as he concluded the Her face grew pensive as he concluded the exposition, and after a few moments given to consideration it was manifest that she

had fallen into the trap. It had long been a cause of grief to Mrs. Tyrell that the ashes of her departed hus-Tyrell that the ashes of her departed hus-band reposed in a receptacle of common earthenware. Here, then, was a golden opportunity for providing his remains with a resting-place more worthy of his super-eminent virtues. She no sooner proposed that the sacred dust of Mr. Wendover should be transferred to one of these urn-like vases, so richly bedizened with what she called "suitable imagery," than Jack consented, stipulating only that when the transfer should have been made both vases should remain to adorn the drawing-room mantel-piece. The exchange was duly effected by the loving hands of Mrs. Tyrell, who allowed no one to be present at the operation (certainly not Jack.)

Jack was fairly contented with the success of his plan. He had succeeded in removing his predecessor's ashes from the precincts of his bedroom, and the creepy feeling that he formerly experienced when he went to turn down the light was one of the things of the past; so that in process of time he began to be reconciled to the knowledge that Mr. Wendover's sacred dust was enshrined within a capacious chimney ornament. He was helped to get accustomed to the fact, inasmuch as neither he nor his wife could tell which vase contained the ashes of the deceased. The one flaw in his happiness was that sometimes when he entered the drawing-room unexpectedly he would find Mrs. Tyrell performing her osculatory exercises on both vases, with the evident object of insuring that the late Mr. Wendover should receive the attention to which she deemed him entitled. Jack would grind his teeth in impotent wrath on such occasions, but comforted himself with the reflection that time would probably cure his wife of her folly, and induce her to consent to give the remains of Mr. Wendover decent

Matters went on in this way for some months, until the catastrophe now to be related, which completed the change in Jack of which I have spoken, and which began when he first discovered that the late Mr. Wendover had accompanied him on his One evening in December of the year in

which they were married, Mrs. Tyrell had an engagement from home. She had promised to dine with some of the late Mr. Wendover's relatives, and Jack had given his promise to accompany her. But at the last moment he pleaded headache and declared that he could not go. He thought that he had quite enough of Mr. Wendover at home, without being bored with Mr. Wendover's friends abroad, though he diplo-

matically refrained from saying so. Mrs.
Tyrell made a great show of wifely solicitude over this sudden attack of illness, and offered to put off her engagement and remain at home to sooth her husband's aching brow with toilet vinegar, can de Cologne, and other feminine remedies. But Jack manifested so much concern at the prospect of his wife's pleasure being destroyed that she agreed to go alone, on condition that the brougham was sent for her at 10 o'clock.

Jack's headache vanished miraculously as soon as the sound of wheels dying away told him that his wife was gone. Unfortunately, dinner had not been prepared at Fair Lawn for that evening, but after consulting the cook to see what she could give him on the spot, he was able to satisfy the requirements of clamorous nature by a hearty meal, after which he retired behind a novel and forgot his cares under the soothing influence of a cigar.

The puckers were smoothed out of his face whilst he was thus employed, and he soon began to feel at peace with all mankind. He even thought when he took up the next volume and found its pages un-cut, that he could venture into the draw-ing-room without a light in search of a paper-knife, without his flesh turning goose-flesh at the reflection that the drawing-room mantel contained all that was mortal of the late Josiah Wendover. Rash experiment! Little did he know the risks he ran until a sound of falling pottery crashing on the fire-arms smote on his startied sense. Hastily striking a light he saw to his dismay that the vase containing the remains of the lamented Wendover was a hideous ruin, and the hearth was sprinkled with the deceased gentleman's

Though the fire in the grate was low it was not out. As Jack's glance alternately fell on the bavoc he had wrought, and the white ashes in the grate, behind which the embers were still glowing red, a brilliant idea took possession of his mind, which he lost no time in putting into execution. He rushed hastily from the room in search of the housemaid's closet, and, after much trouble in finding what he wanted, he rea hand-brush. "Now or never," he exclaimed, giving the fire a vigorous soke. "I will be rid of this Wendover fellow, though I am sorry it has to be done in this way."

Jack's intention was to dispose of the broken vase, and having made a transfer of the white ashes from the grate to the companion vase that remained intact, to sweep up Mr. Wendover with the view of subjecting him to a further process of cremation. It did not trouble him that as the late Mr. Wendover had already been reduced to an incinerated condition by a fiercer beat than the draw-room grate could supply, the dead man's ashes would probably remain unaffected by the fresh tiery ordeal. He comforted himself with the reflection that when the housemaid had completed her cleaning up of the drawing-room on the morrow, the mortal part of Mr. Wendover would be disposed of to his entire satisfaction. Nor was he apprehensive on Mrs. Tyrell's account. He knew that it was inevitable that her suspicions should be excited, but he thought that if he was able to complete his preparations in time he would get out of the difficulty by calmly asking her to reassure her mind-if she doubted the account that he meant to give her-by examining the sound vase with its contents.

A chemist would detect the pious fraud, but he joyfully remembered that the mysteries of chemistry were evidently hidden from Mrs. Tyrell, and he felt convinced in his own mind that she would fail to pene-

trate the deception. Accordingly Jack set to work and was soon as busy as a bee. He disposed of the broken wase by heaping up the fragments in a coal souttle. He next proceeded to transfer a considerable amount of white ashes from the grate to the sound vase, mantel-piece. Now he was ready to sweep up the unfortunate Mr. Wendover, and seizing the dust-pan and brush set briskly to work on the last stage of the task that be had set himdid not hear the wheels of the returning brougham, and was unaware of his peril. He had swept up the nahes very cleanly. and the last fragment of Mr. Wendover was in the dust-pan, when he heard the rustle of a dress, followed by a shrick, and returned to meet Nemesis in the person of his wife, who stood with raised hands

she exclaimed, in tragic tones, as soon as words came to her rescue.

Jack, foreseeing that she would faint, sprang forward to catch her in his arms. What with his haste to rush to his wife and the panic produced by being discovered, he let the dust-pan fall, and once more the ashes of Mr. Wendover were scattered!

The rest is soon told. When Mrs. Tyrell returned to consciousness she bitterly upbraided her husband, charging him unjustly with perfidy, in feigning a headache
when all the time he was cherishing base
designs against Mr. Wendover's sacred
dust! Jack strove to calm her, but it
was in vain. She angrily refused to listen
to his explanations, though he assured her
that he had meditated no disrespect to the
much-lamented Wendover, and that what
she had seen was the result of an accident. she had seen was the result of an accident. Her wrath was fearful to witness. She denounced Jack as a sacreligious monster, and that nothing would induce her to live with such an unnatural wretch again. She insisted on a separation, and in the end she

Poor Jack Tyrell has been compelled to submit to the wreck of his home and happiness as a propitiatory sacrifice to the of-fended manes of Mr. Wendover. And this is the reason why his face is not as erst it was, and why he haunts his club continually, a morose and saddened man.

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OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

There are said to be 163,000 families in London living in single rooms. To be perfectly proportioned a man should weigh twenty-eight pounds for every foot of his height.

On an average there are 106 boys born to every one hundred girls, but more boys die in infancy than girls.

It is estimated that about thirty thou-sand horses were ousted from street-car service last year by electricity. In making gold threads for embroidery, it has been found that six ounces of gold can be drawn into two hundred miles of

Mrs. Annie Roush, who died in Meigs county, Ohio, a few days ago, was two years older than the government of the United States.

The smallest spots that we can see on the moon with the unaided eye occupy about one-twenty-fourth of its visible area, i. e., some 150,000 square miles. The biggest university in the world is at

Cairo, Egypt-a country which is not mentioned at all in the statistics-and it has At the present time the Shah of Persia is the owner of a Shetland pony which is but

twelve inches high. This pampered bet of royality wears gold shoes worth £3 each. In 1870 the London school board began their work with not a single school under their control. In 1891 they possessed 410

schools, affording accommodation for 428,-The great equinoctial tide called the mascaret, which drives a solid wall of water up the Seine and which is one of the great

seaside spectacles of France, was this year the greatest on record. Blood travels from the heart through the arteries ordinarily, at the rate of about twelve inches per second; its speed through the capillaries is at the rate of three onehundredths of an inch per second.

Flatholme, an island in the British chan-nel, is only a mile and a half in circumference, but, consisting mostly of rich pasture land, enpports a farm-house, besides the light-house, with a revolving light 156 feet above the sea.

It is not a new fact, but yet a remarkable one, that if a fruit tree, apple, pear or cherry, be stripped entirely of its bark in the second week in June, a new surface bark will immediately take the place of the older one. Only two congregations of the Armenian Church are in this country-one at Worces-ter, Mass., and the other at Hoboken, N. J. That at Worcester grew out of what was

perhaps the earliest immigration of Armenians to America. It is computed that if the traffic of the city of London were to be dispatched by a procession of trains, each with the engine touching the preceding guard's van, as far as Liverpool and back, the first to return to Enston would find 214,000 persons wait-

ing to start. It is sometimes difficult to get grass to grow under trees on the lawn on account of the dense shade. The common periwin-kle and Japanese honeysuckle will, however, make good substitutes for grass in such places, and may be started without A person one year old may expect to live thirty-nine years longer; of ten years, fifty-

one; of twenty, forty-one; of thirty years, thirty-four longer; of forty years, twentyeight; of fifty, twenty-one; of sixty years, fourteen more; of seventy years, nine; of eighty years, four. There are about 100,000 islands, large and

small, scattered over the oceans. This country alone has 5,500 around its coasts, there are 365 in the bay of Rio de Janeiro. 16,000 between Madagascar and India and some 1,300 off the eastern coast of Australia, between its mainland and New The Sevres vase, given by Louis XVI to Tippoo Sahib, was sold in London in 1876

for a sum equal to \$7,275 in American corrency. The vase is very thin, urn-shaped and only eight inches high. The gold exchanged at the purchase price of this relic weighed upward of two thousand times as much as the vase itself. The bicycle has been introduced into Central Africa. Two Englishmen arrived at Tabora a few weeks ago with two of the latest improved bicycles. They had traveled a large part of the way from the coast.

machines, and they say they worked finely along the well-trodden native paths. Trajan's Wall is a rampart made of earth and about thirty-five or forty miles long, extending from Rassova, just at the big bend of the Danube, to the shores of the Black sea. Though only an earthwork, it is a most formidable line of defense. Even now, eighteen centuries after its construction, it is from eight to ten feet in height,

more than three hundred miles, on the

SPRING FASHIONS.

with a clear-cut fosse in front of it.

Watered gauze is a pretty novelty. It is striped with the same color, and then a water mark floats over all, making a most airy and delicate effect.

The close surplice waist is still a popular model for making up all cotton fabrics, and suits admirably these who do not find an ordinary blonse becoming.

The absurd and unbecoming fashion of shortening the shoulder-seam to about four inches, and drawing the fullness of the sleeve to a sharp point, is again threatened. Silk scarfs are much worn around the neck. Soft filmy silk, some with deep fringe. They are usually tied in a large bow in front, though some ladies wind them loosely about the neck.

Gowns of English gray corded silk, with draperies of softest gray India cashmere. trimmed with cream-white velvet ara-besques overlaid with cut steel, are very elegant in appearance. The new English gray is a beautiful dye with a glow of faintest pink in its reflections.

Trains for full dress become somewhat

longer, and those for the promenade are certainly no shorter. A gown that does not rest a few inches at least on the ground begins to look decidedly like an oldfashioned one, and thus women gromble. and oppose the modiste but finally submit. Young girls are wearing ribbon coronets for evening dress. Simple ones can be made at home by getting a wire frame and cover with twisted ribbon. In front the ribbon is so fashioned as to look like a butterfly. A pretty one is black ribbon twisted with gold wire and three small gilt butterflies in front.

The Queen Anne shoe, with the long instep flap and glittering buckle, is a very fashionable model designed to be worn with tea-gowns and other dressy home toilets. However, the low-cut shoes and sandals of plain black undressed kid simply wrought with jet beads are much more graceful and becoming.

The "Yashmak" is the name of the new "Oriental," or mask, veil, so dense in its meshes at the top that the features are almost obliterated as far as the nose. The more transparent lower half of the veil, however, permits the mouth and chin to be visible. These veits are still uncommon. and quite a departure from the popular filmy veils so long worn, and remind one of

the masked footpad. While every part of the spring skirt is BROSNAN'S

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For Fine all-Wool Dress Goods, 40 in wide, 30 pieces in all. Marked down from 75c, 85c and \$1.00 to 49c.

\$3.75.

Go Big Lot Jackets in Black and Tan. These are odd lots of Jackets that formerly sold for \$5, The greatest value we have ever \$7 and \$9. Closing price, \$3.75.

Bath Towels worth 10c for 5c

> BROSNAN BROS. & CO., 87 and 39 South Illinois Street.

sist of distinct parts-one falling well over the elbow, and comparatively loose, the children. other fitting closely. Of course this style is much more effective in two materials. Made in one fabric, the full part on the upper arm is so manipulated that it falls in a puff over the elbow.

Some of the new shirt-waists of China silk are laid in pleats, with a flat edging of lace on each pleat. White and back lace blouses are fitted over close silk waist-lin-ings, the outside fabric being seamless. Some of these delicate waists are in simple blouse form, others have a scantily gathered flounce of lace about ten inches deep sewed to the belt of the blouse, the joining covered with a ribbon girdle. Point de gene lace is much used upon new silk blouses—in jabots and cascades falling over the sleeves from the shoulder; and among other models are those of yellow surah trimmed with cut-jet collar, front pieces, and cuffs, with girdles of wide Spanish-yellow satin ribbon dotted with cut-jet naul-heads, and finished with a jet fringe

The toy bonnets worn by matronly women can only be distinguished from caps by their strings. For example, a piece of black lace rests on the hair, and is tilled in with a little flat trimming, which forms the crown. The strings start from the back. Bonnets for younger women are mere scraps, but though scraps, costly, for real lace is used in their construction. They are worn a little back on the head, necessitating a fluffy arrangement of the hair in front. The upstanding plumes now used, some in front and some at the back, unless judiciously arranged, frequently give a very crazy appearance to the wear-er. It is but a step from the graceful to the grotesque just here, for a strong breeze quickly works havoc with the feathers, and then one is instantly reminded of an Indian brave on the war-path.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A Pleasant Company. Puck. Jack Potter-We had a meeting of the

Puck.

dent."

directors of our company last night, Mrs. Potter-What was the limit? An Important Query.

Mrs. Pewrent-I saw Mrs. Freechurch today. She's a strict Episcopalian, you know, and of course she is wearing sack-

Mrs. Giddibody (with deep interest)-Indeed! How has she got it trimmed? A Sufficient Recommendation.

Good News. Little Dick-Aren't you goin' to call on that new neighbor across the street? Mamma (hesitatingly) - 1 don't know anything about her yet. Little Dick-Oh, she's all right. She's the mother of that new boy I play with.

Post-Mortem Assignment.

Editor (to sick Reporter)-Are you going to die, Hook! Coppe Hook-I'm afraid so, sir, Editor-If you do, try to get an interview with Dickens as soon at you arrive, on Howelle's criticisms of his novels; and do your best to get it through to us.

At the Notion Counter. Mamie-Ob, Mr. Flohr, don't try to lift

all that pile of spool-cotton by yourself. Walker Flohr (lightly) - Pooh, that's nothin'-I've often carried six gross in one Mamie (with fervor)-How splendid it must feel to be a really manly man!

Hard at Work. Mr. Stokes-What course are you taking at college! Charlie Rahrah-Oh, I'm a "Special Stu-

Mr. Stokes-What studies do you have? Charlie Rahrah-Base-balland Old Testa-ment history, with three cuts a week on the history.

Unsolicited Testimonial.

original explanation was more likely to be the true one—to wit, that his wife was contrived to convert her dressing-room in.

Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah. I am afraid severity, the bodice and sleeve show great.

Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Tribune.

State the folly of carrying internal dissenting.

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Mr. Chugwater-If the children are anything like old Smeddler, Samantha, they won't give Johnny the measles or anything else without a mortgage and 8 per cent. Working His Mother.

Good News. First Boy-Didn't your mother tell ye to get nutmegs?

Second Boy-Yep.
"Then what did ye get cloves for?"
"Cause she'll want me to go back an' tell'em I made a mistake, an' want nutmegs. Then I'll say I'm orful tired an' don't wanter go back, an' then she'll give me 5 cents to buy candy." A Smart Little Woman.

New York Weekly. Jinks-Minks's wife is a mighty clever little woman. If there were more women like her there would be fewer divorces. She knows how to keep the domestic machinery running smoothly. Did you hear what she gave her husband for a birth-Binks-No, what was it?

Jinks-A big leather-covered box containing 150,000 collar buttons. Tale of Two Cities. New York Weekly. Mr. Gotham-Ha, ha, ha! That's good!

The paper says a man in Philadelphia was

run over by a funeral procession. Ho, ho, hel Such a thing couldn't happen outside of slow old Philadelphia. Mr. Broadbrim-A similar accident has happened in New York only recently. Mr. Gotham-Impossible, Mr. Broadbrim-It was a rich man's fu-

neral, and the relatives were going back to

the house to hear the will read. The Age of Organization.

New York Weekly. New Boarder-Well! well! This is the first place I've struck where they have preserved atrawberries and peach jath instead of stewed prunes. Old Boarder-All owing to organization. my boy, Us boarders have a mutual protective association. with iron-clad rules

and heavy penalties. "Ob, ho! You kicked against prunes, did "Not much we didn't. We passed a law that whenever prunes came on the table every member should eat a quart or pay \$10 fine. That settled it. The landlady found prunes too expensive."

Why Bess Was Grieved.

New York Times. "There," said an up-town mother, the other day, laying aside a garment upon which she had been at work for several hours, "I am glad that is done. I have sacrificed nearly a day," she continued, to a friend sitting near, "to a whim of my young daughter. Her school coat, which is one handed down from her much older sister, has been a trial to her for some time. A group of strange girls that she passed the first day she wore it asked, in derision, if that was her mother's coat, and the poor child has been in wretchedness ever since. The coat is large for her, but it is the cut of it which makes it look so very old, and which attracted the attention of those rude but discriminating girls. Bess has gone off to school every morning with a really pathetic look of suffering, and to-day I could stand it no longer. It has taken most of my day, but I shall feel repaid tomorrow morning by the sight of my little girl's satisfied face.

One la Left,

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Another of the John Brown jurors has joined the glorious company of deceased oldest Masons and youngest soldiers of the late war. His name is William Wrightstein, and he died at Shepherdstown, W. Va. This leaves William Boyer, of Shenandoab Junction, as the sole survivor of the twelve men who condemned to death the man whose soul is still marching on.

Getting Alarmed.

Kansas City Times (Dem.)